

The Mirror

OF

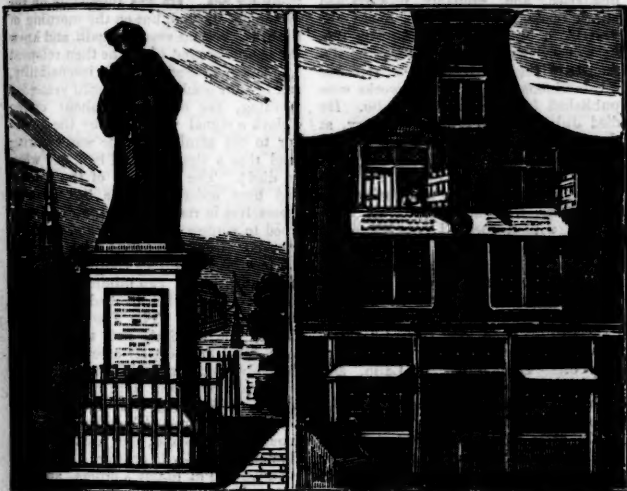
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 201.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1826.

[Price 2d.

Birth-place and Statue of Erasmus.



THE justly celebrated Erasmus was a native of Rotterdam, and we feel much pleasure in being able to present our readers with a view of the house in which he was born, and of the statue erected to his memory, which decorates the great square in that city. They are copied from a rare print with which we have been favoured by the correspondent who supplies the following particulars of this great man :—

Erasmus a man of great celebrity in the republic of letters, was born at Rotterdam on the 28th of October, 1467. He was the natural son of Gerard, a native of Tergou, by Margaret, the daughter of a physician, whom he intended to marry, but being deceived by a report of her death, he entered into the church, and on this account Erasmus has been called, by way of reproach, the son of a priest, though his father was not in orders at the time of his birth. When Erasmus was about nine years old he was sent to school at Davenport, where he made very considerable progress in learning, and was particularly distinguished by the excellence of his memory. His mother, who followed him to Davenport to watch over

his health, died of the plague when he was about thirteen years of age. His guardians forced him into the church with a view of embezzling his property. In the twenty-third year of his age he had an invitation to reside with the archbishop of Cambray; but finding the patronage of that prelate not equal to his expectation, he went to Paris and studied in the college of Montaigne; here he supported himself by giving private lectures. Henry VIII., while a prince, had contracted a friendship and high respect for Erasmus, and in a few months after he succeeded to the crown, we find Erasmus at the court of London, high in favour with the monarch, with Wolsey, and the archbishop of Canterbury, and with other distinguished persons. At first he lived with Sir Thomas More, under whose roof he wrote his *Moria Encomium*, or *Praise of Folly*. He afterwards went to Cambridge, and read lectures to the students in Greek and Theology. Not being able to secure an independence in England, he went over to Flanders in 1514, and was shortly after created nominal counsellor to prince Charles of Austria, with a stipend. He was ever (says his biogra-

phers) the undaunted advocate of free inquiry, and perpetually waged war against the ignorance and bigotry that characterized the age in which he lived. On these accounts he was, in the first years of the reformation, highly regarded by Luther, and it was owing to some unadvised, and, probably, unwarranted attack made upon Erasmus, about the year 1520, by the zealous reformers, that he was driven to enlist among the defenders of the church of Rome. He was a voluminous writer, and his works were published in nine volumes, folio. He died July 12, 1536, of a dysentery, at the age of sixty-nine, and was buried with great funeral pomp in the cathedral church of Basil, where his tomb still remains. In person, he was below the middle size, well-shaped, of a fair complexion with a cheerful countenance, a low voice and agreeable elocution. He had assumed the name of Erasmus in conformity with the pedantic taste then prevailing among men of letters to taking names of Greek or Latin etymology; he translated his name of "Gerard," signifying "amiable" into the equivalent ones of "Desiderius" in Latin, and "Erasmus" in Greek, making use of both, but the latter was his common and perpetual appellation. He is justly regarded as one of the principal glories of his age and country. His memory is equally honoured at the place of his birth, and of his death, and the house in which he was born is marked with an inscription.

P. T. W.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF BONAPARTE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following deeply interesting narrative of the death and funeral of Napoleon Bonaparte, is written by an officer quartered at St. Helena at the time, in letters to his mother. They contain a journal of the events as they occurred; and as the author had the best opportunities for observation, and his veracity may implicitly be relied upon, the narrative may be considered as a more circumstantial and authentic account of the last moments and funeral of that great man, than has yet appeared. It may be well to add that the letters are printed as they were written, without the slightest alteration.—Ed.

"St. Helena, May 6, 1821.

"MY BELOVED MOTHER,

"Before this reaches you, you will be aware of General Bonaparte being very seriously ill; as a man of war sailed a

few days ago with despatches to that effect. It was impossible to write by her, she sailed so suddenly. Nap. has been ill this long time, but about a week ago he was given over, (it was then that the ship was despatched), and the other man of war was ordered to water and get ready for Sea. He was insensible on the evening of the 2nd, but on the morning of the 3rd he became sensible again, and knew the people around him; he then relapsed again into a kind of inanimate insensibility, and became gradually cold until yesterday morning, the 5th, when about eleven o'clock a signal was made by the governor to the admiral that he was expiring (and that a signal should be made when he died). The members of the council had been ordered on the 3rd to hold themselves in readiness to repair to Longwood to witness his death; and as to the governor, he almost took up his abode in the new house; things continued in this state until about two minutes before six in the evening, when he died, just as the sun was setting. The French commissioner, the admiral, and all the hewigs, were immediately assembled to see the body, and workmen were employed in hanging the room with black; orders were sent for plaster of Paris to take a bust of him, but, I believe there is not enough in the Island, they are trying how Roman cement will answer. His death is announced in to-day's orders, and that he is to be buried at Longwood with military honors. General Count Montholon has taken the management of the funeral; the body will lie in state, we are to go this evening to see it; I shall then be able to give some information about this wonderful man, who for such a time kept the world in a ferment, and now is an inanimate lump of clay, without a person near him at all related to him. What a change the thread of his existence being severed has caused in this island; people who have laid in stock to serve the troops with, have it now lying useless on their hands; horses that were worth £70, will not now bring £10; our huts that we have been obliged to build to put our servants in, and which cost us £6 to £10 each, are now useless; for this part of the Island will be uninhabited after we leave it, so that we shall all more or less feel the effects of his death; the report here is, that we are to be reinforced from the 66th, (who are to proceed home) and go on to Bombay, and sail up the Persian Gulf. He, Napoleon, has chosen an extraordinary place to be buried in, in case of his not being removed to Europe, and that is in a place called the Devil's Punch Bowl, a little below the public road.

"I have seen him lying in state; it was a most melancholy sight; we assembled at Longwood about 4 o'clock, there were nearly all the officers and private gentlemen in the Island; after some little time we were admitted; the first room was empty, with the exception of one of the servants; in the second was Countess Bertrand; she looked wretchedly ill and pale, her eyes red, and swollen; I remained with some officers she knew, talking to her; she said she was glad the complaint he had died of was such an one that it was impossible he could have been saved, or that climate could have any effect upon him. (It was a cancer in the stomach, his father died of the same.) She said she hoped to be permitted to go home, now that it was all over. After a little time, I proceeded through this room, (in which he died); I was ushered in by Captain Crohat, the orderly officer. Napoleon was dressed in full uniform, green, turned up with red, breeches, and long boots, a good many orders on his breast, sword by his side, and cocked hat on, spurs also on; he lay on the iron camp bedstead that he had carried with him always, and on it was spread his military cloak, on which he lay; Count Bertrand stood at his head, dressed in black, the priest was kneeling by his side, and an attendant, the only person in the room who seemed to have life, and who showed it only by driving the flies away; his countenance was serene and placid, it was of course fallen in; his features were handsome, and bold; his hand very delicate, and small, and of a beautiful colour; a crucifix was laid on his breast; his nose was particularly handsome, they had, in turning him on the bed, bruised it a little.

"To see a man, who had caused Europe and the world at large so much trouble, lying in a small room, on his military cloak and camp bed, dressed in his full uniform, with only two of his general officers near him, was an awful sight; it struck me so, I could have gazed on him for hours, have taken his hand and kissed it; but I could scarcely breathe while I looked, I fancied him in the different situations he had been in at..... In fact, though I was scarcely two minutes in the room, more ideas crowded through my mind, driving one another out as quick as formed, than I could write to-night. On going out, I rummaged a long time on the instability of human affairs, and on the little use all his conquests were to him than! What would not thousands of people give to see what I have seen. He will be laid in his coffin, wrapped in his cloak just as we

saw him; the first will be tin, the second lead, third and fourth wood. I shall be on guard to-morrow, when I shall try to see him again. I have been so fortunate as to procure some of his hair, and also a piece of linen dipped in his blood, curious keepsakes, certainly, but anything appertaining to such a great man, is worthy of being preserved. I will conclude this on guard, as well as answer your last—good bye.

"Longwood Guard, 7th May,
half-past 7 P.M.

"I have had a great deal of trouble all day with people wishing to see Bonaparte. I have now got rid of every one, and shall have time to talk to you, my dear Mother, a little while. I went up this morning, soon after I mounted, and after asking leave, went into the room; he lay just as before, his countenance had fallen in a little more; there was only the priest, an attendant, and myself, in the room. I took up his hand, and held it some time, examining the fingers, and his features; that hand which kings had kissed, and which had caused so many to tremble. I never in my life saw a more serene or placid countenance; he seemed in a profound slumber, except the livid colour of his lips and cheeks; on his left were a star and two orders of some kind; these were all the ornaments about him; his hat was perfectly plain, with a black loop, and small tri-coloured cockade. I went in afterwards with our men; and as there were only two officers, Ren and myself, I stood at the foot of the bed while the men passed through; their countenances were capital, as they looked on the body—they were indescribable, at least by letter; the smell at this time began to be rather strong, and I was glad to go away as soon as the men were gone. I was afterwards sent for by one of the doctors, and shewn his heart and stomach, which lay in a silver urn by his side, they were covered with fat: in the stomach I was shewn the hole that had caused his death; a hole that I could have put my little finger in. I had then an opportunity of observing the sword, which was a plain-edged small sword, rather old, with a gold and mother-of-pearl hilt, plain white belt, the one I suppose which he usually wore. The Countess was sitting in the next room when I went out; after talking to her some time, she advised me to go back and look at him again, as the last time I should see that great man. I did so, and took him by the hand, and muttered an adieu to him. I went in once again, they were taking the cast of his head, but the stench was so horrible,

that I could not remain; Doctor Burton was taking it, with the French doctors: about a quarter past four the governor rode up, and ordered Captain Crohat to be on board the Heron, and sail with the despatches at sun-set; accordingly he was off in a great hurry at sun-set, which was about a quarter past six.—We shall inter the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte in the Devil's Punch Bowl, at 11 on Wednesday, 9th May. His heart and stomach will be placed in a silver urn (soldered up) by his side, in order to be removed to Europe, should it be hereafter thought proper; we are to bury him with the highest possible military honours; it will be a dismal sight certainly, but more of that hereafter; I must talk as well as I can of what goes forward at present. A most beautiful snuff-box, which has been bequeathed to the Countess, was shewn to me yesterday; on the lid was Napoleon's miniature, set round with the largest diamonds I ever saw, the likeness is an extremely good one of him, when in health. You can have no idea how lonely I feel on guard to-night; I know not how it is, but it is so; I have just posted the last sentinel I suppose I shall ever post round his body. I cannot drive his countenance from my mind's eye; it haunts me continually, and the smell is still in my nose and on my hands. I dare say this event will make a great stir in England some time before this comes before your eye, and you will be wondering why I have not written by the ship that takes the despatches; that is, however, easier said than done—no one can, I believe, write by this ship.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SUPPOSED BIRTH-PLACE OF ST. PATRICK.

IN the county of Dunbarton, in Scotland, are two parishes, called New or East, and Old or West Kirkpatrick; they anciently formed one parish, which was divided in 1649. It is generally supposed that this parish was the birth-place of the celebrated St. Patrick, the patron of Ireland; by one account of this personage, his father is said to have been a Presbyterian, and his grandfather a Deacon, and that he was carried captive into Ireland, and sold to one of the petty princes of the country, who employed him for some time as a swine herd. By the tradition of this part of the country, a different account is given of his emigration to Ireland. The Devil, being provoked by his sanctity and success in preaching the gospel, sent a band of his auxiliaries,

the witches, to annoy St. Patrick; the witches fell on the Saint so furiously, that he was forced to seek safety in flight; finding a little boat on the Clyde, he went into it, and set off for Ireland. At that early period, it appears that Satan had not endowed the witches with the art of swimming on the water in an egg-shell, or riding through the air on a broomstick; they were unable therefore to pursue the holy man, but they tore a monstrous rock from a neighbouring mountain, and hurled it after him with deadly purpose; they missed their aim, the ponderous mass fell harmless, and has since been converted into the castle of Dunbarton. This *true story* no doubt proves incontestably that the celebrated Saint of Ireland was born at Kirkpatrick, and gave his name to the place of his nativity. The services which he performed to his adopted country, Ireland, are certainly very great, if it be true, as his historians have recorded, that he founded there 364 churches, ordained 365 bishops, and 3,000 priests; converted 12,000 persons in one district; baptized seven kings at once; established a purgatory; and with his staff at once expelled from his favourite island every reptile that stung or croaked.

MALVINA.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S SPEECH WHEN HE PUT AN END TO THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

IT is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonoured by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage; and like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining amongst you? Is there one vice ye do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse,—gold is your god. Which of you have not bartered away your consciences for bribes? Is there a man amongst you that hath the least care for the good of the Commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves! By your immoral principles and wicked practices, ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole nation. You who were deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become their greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your

iniquitous proceedings in this House; and which, by God's help, and the strength he hath given me, I am now come to do. I command ye, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go! Get ye out! Make haste! Ye venal slaves begone! So! take away that shining hauberk there, and lock up the doors.

Gymnastics.

No. III.

THE LONDON GYMNASIUM.

THE London Gymnasium occupies about an acre of ground, and is of an oblong form. At one end is the leaping trench, which is of an irregular triangular shape; its dimensions are 3 feet wide at the narrow, and 22 feet at the widest end; its length is 28 feet, and depth $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet; at each side of the trench, but a little more forward, are the climbing stands, which are different rather to the one given in a recent number of the MIRROR. The stand which bears the flag is much higher than the other one, and the poles are more difficult to ascend, as they are made as slippery as glass. At the right hand side of the stand are horizontal poles (the use of which I shall explain in a second article on this subject.) At the top they are about $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and at the bottom not more than 5, thus suited to the size and strength of the different pupils. On the left of the stands is a space for the pupils to perform the preparatory exercises for the strengthening of their limbs previous to attempting anything requiring great strength. In one or two parts of the ground is a kind of wooden horse; at the top of the gymnasium are the parallel bars, which, by strengthening the shoulders, elbows, and wrists, is the most indispensable part of the apparatus. Behind these is a place overshadowed with trees, and fronted with iron rails, for the accommodation of any one who may wish to view the exercises. In the centre of the ground are the stands for leaping in height, and are constructed in such a manner that it is impossible to be hurt by them. They consist of two perpendicular poles, about 5 feet high, fixed firmly in the ground, at the distance of $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet from each other; in these uprights are numerous holes through which a peg is placed; across these pegs is placed a rope with a small bag of sand at each end to keep it straight, so that if the shins happen to knock against it in jumping they cannot be hurt, as the rope instantly falls. The different apparatus are arranged with

such order and regularity, that forty classes, amounting in the whole to about three hundred and sixty pupils, can go through all their different exercises without in the least interfering with, or incommoding each other; on the contrary there is room for five or six more classes. The morning exercises are thus divided. 1st. Jumping—2nd. Climbing—3rd. Exercising the limbs.—4th. General running, each of these are subdivided into numberless other exercises. The hours of attendance are from six till eight; the same in the evening; and the days Tuesdays and Fridays; half an hour is devoted to each exercise, and the time of changing is announced by the ringing of a bell, at the sound of which every class will be seen running to the opposite side of the ground at which he was before; this causes much amusement, though not the slightest confusion, as each class follows its leader. Many eminent men are daily on the ground, and view, with evident satisfaction, the improvements made by the gymnastic pupils, under the excellent plan adopted by the professor Voelker, who well deserves the patronage of which he seems to have so good an earnest.

I omitted to mention that the gymnasium is surrounded with trees.

A PUPIL OF GYMNASTICS.

DOLPHINS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE chameleon partakes of the objects around it; on the contrary, the dolphin, from the brilliancy of its hues, darts resplendent beauty upon everything near it. At sea, whenever a shoal of dolphins is discernible from a ship, they seem to be sporting with each other, frisking and flouncing a considerable distance from the surface of the water, small quantities of which they spout above their heads. When the sun sheds his illuminating beams on a great number of dolphins, the sea actually appears to be in a blaze, so powerful are the burnished colours on the scales of this beautiful fish.

The means employed by sailors to catch dolphins are various; but the method generally adopted is simple. When a shoal of dolphins is discovered at sea, the mariners jump into a boat, being armed with long barbed lances, to which are attached cord lines for the better security of the fish when taken. The boat is paddled as gently as possible until they are within a few yards of their prey, when they poise for a moment the long barbed weapon, previous to taking a decided aim. The dart, if thrown with effect, usually

strikes the fated victim through, who is thus drawn, by means of the line, to the ship.

William Falconer, in his pathetic poem of *The Shipwreck*, thus describes the beauty of a dying dolphin, which had been captured by the sailors :—

"— while his heart the fatal jav'lin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight!

What glowing hues of mingled shade and light !
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest,
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews imperl th' emmell'd laws,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow ;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue ;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye ;
And now assume the purple's deeper dye."

G. W. N.

ON GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

(For the Mirror.)

"It is better to know a little thoroughly than much superficially."

STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS.

MR. EDITOR.—As the *MIRROR* is a vehicle of *general* knowledge, I trust, Sir, you will pardon my stepping forward in its defence, by questioning, in some measure, the veracity of the above trite observation. In the present enlightened age, when the sphere of science is so enlarged, it may justly be doubted whether he who contents himself with exploring but a small portion of the extensive space, really acts in a more laudable manner than one who takes an ampler range, and who, though he may not form so intimate an acquaintance with a part, can yet appreciate more fully the nature and value of the whole. It will not be denied that a thorough knowledge of what applies more immediately to a man's professional pursuits, is almost indispensable. But surely we must admit that to combine the *utile dulci*, to fit the mind for enjoying as well as possessing ; something more is required than the acquisition of that branch of science only, which is essential to the adoption of a peculiar mode of life. Besides, from the connexion that evidently exists between the genera and species of things in the worlds of nature and of art—of matter and of mind ; a doubt may be suggested whether it is possible to obtain a complete knowledge of any department of science, without some acquaintance with its various relations, collateral and direct.

They who confine their intellectual researches within narrow limits will find the circle of their social enjoyments as contracted as that of their mental invocations. Colloquial intercourse with to such have but few attractions, and the reason is obvious. Limited in their acquirements, not relying because not comprehending topics foreign to their own pursuits ; that general and varied conversation which constitutes one of the charms of polished society, and which glides from subject to subject, as the bee from flower to flower, extracting from all amusement and instruction, is to them but an undelightful, perhaps unintelligible medley. Charles XII. affords an illustrious example of the ill efforts that arise from merely knowing "a little thoroughly." Voltaire, in his judicious summary of the character and peculiarities of this monarch, remarks, "Il étoit embarrassé dans une conversation, parceque, s'étant donné tout entier aux travaux et à la guerre, il n'avoit jamais connu la société."

How different is it with the man who has roved at large over the fields of science. He may not, it is true, have attained a perfect insight into the causes and properties of all he has contemplated with his mind's eye ; but he has learned enough to excite curiosity and stimulate to exertion. He has learned enough to enjoy the flow of intellect whatever course it may take. He has learned enough, in short, to

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

In conclusion, therefore, we may observe that so far as the cultivation of the mind is considered ornamental, as calculating us to please and be pleased wherever and with whomsoever we may be, it is generally better to obtain a knowledge of many things, however slight, than of one thing however profound.

Norwich.

R. W. H.

PORTSEA LABYRINTH.

A CORRESPONDENT in alluding to the views of labyrinths we have given in the *MIRROR*, has sent us the following account of a labyrinth, which, with a camera obscura, forms an exhibition at Town Field, Island of Portsea. The lines with which the account of it commences are not very poetical, and the prose is quite in the style of Bartholomew fair description :—

"THE LABYRINTH.

"LABYRINTH is my name, some do call me maze,
I care not what I'm called, if I do you but please

My ways they are perplexed, they are both
straight and round,
By perseverance only, they are easy to be found !
And in the centre is a seat, for ease is now my
plan,
Ring the bell to say you are in, and get out
when you can.
And not a little has been the cost, the public for
to please,
In building of the aforesaid rooms, the camera,
and the maze !

"The labyrinth is acknowledged by every one to be the most intricate of its size ever seen, and not inferior to Hampton Court, or Sidney Gardens.

"It comprises circular and straight walks, with a fence of 12,000 quicks, with a seat in the centre, (the object to obtain,) and truth has proclaimed, that not more than one out of twenty ever found their way in, but returned perfectly satisfied, that pain and pleasure were united in the formation of so small a plantation, which is highly gratifying to every beholder."

HALF A DOZEN BON MOTS, BULLS, &c.

A YOUNG LADY having given a gentleman, who was not very remarkable for his taste in dress, a playful slap on the face, he called out, "You have made my eye smart."—"Indeed!" said she. "Well, I am happy to have been the cause of making something *smart* about you."

The celebrated Lord Faulkland being brought early into the House of Commons, a grave member objected to his youth, and said, "He looked as if he had not sown his *wild oats*."—The young Lord replied with great quickness, "Then I am come to the proper place, where there is a *goose* to pick them up!"

An intelligent and amusing traveller says, that a Portuguese beggar, when going to solicit charity, puts on his *best* clothes. This circumstance places the Portuguese mendicants far above our *beggars*, who have usually but one set of *habits*, all of which are *equally bad*.

M. Duclaz, a French philosopher, has just published "*A Treatise for dissipating Storms*!" He thinks it will be read by all the *married men in Europe*.

The Limerick Journal observes, that the best mode to *prevent* schoolboys from being drowned, is to take care that they be not *suffered to go into the water*.

A country magistrate lately observed at the quarter sessions, "the county mad-house was in a very *crazy* state!"

T. A. N. C.

THE CORSICAN BANDIT.

Ajaccio,* May 8, 1836.

THE bandit Theodore, celebrated for so many atrocious crimes, has just committed another dreadful murder, by assassinating two gendarmes, in the vicinity of Corte. He has hitherto escaped the most active pursuits of the police. The history of this man's life would afford ample means for reflection, and exhibit, in a terrible manner, to what extraordinary lengths the Corsican mountaineers will carry their revenge, or, as it is here termed, *vendetta*. The character I am about to describe is by no means an uncommon one among the inhabitants of this island. About two years ago, Theodore received a summons to repair to Ajaccio, for the purpose of having his name inscribed among the conscripts who were to be sent off to the army as recruits. This call of authority he would not obey, but fled to the mountains. Previously to his departure, he requested the brigadier of the gendarmes, with whom he was acquainted, and whom he considered as a friend, to let him know in case orders should come to have him arrested. The brigadier promised to do so, and Theodore placed implicit confidence in his word. A few days passed on, when he received an invitation to sup with the brigadier, who said that no orders had yet reached him respecting the arrest. The unsuspecting mountaineer repaired to the appointed place, and partook of a hearty meal with the brigadier. Wine was supplied in abundance, and Theodore became in a complete state of intoxication. He was then bound hand and foot, and conveyed to the prison of Ajaccio. The offence for which he was confined not being of a serious nature, the privilege of walking in an outer court of the prison was allowed him, and, without much difficulty, he escaped, and fled to his cottage; he armed himself with a carbine, proceeded to the barracks of the gendarmerie, and rushing into the apartment of the brigadier, who was at dinner surrounded by his family, he fired the fatal weapon, and stretched the wretched victim at his feet, weltering in blood. He then returned to his village, assembled the inhabitants, and told them what he had done; he swore that his revenge was not in any degree satisfied, but that he would murder every gendarme who might come in his way. The dreadful oath has been cruelly fulfilled, and although every research has been made, and heavy rewards offered for his apprehension, all is in vain. The country people will give

* This town will hereafter be celebrated in history as the birth-place of Bonaparte.

no information respecting him; and when an opportunity offers, they afford him every assistance. He wars with none but gendarmes; five had already met death by his hands last year, and two others have been assassinated by him within this month. Although enduring the most horrid privations, and subsisting only on the game and wild fruits with which the Isle abounds, his bed composed of leaves, his habitation a cavern, yet extraordinary as it may appear, this outcast, or bandit of a novel species, has never been accused of having perpetrated a single robbery. It is a well-authenticated fact, that he has been seen walking with French soldiers, with travellers, and even with officers in the discharge of their duty, and not one individual had ever reason to complain of his conduct towards them. Theodore is of tall stature, well shaped, a dark complexion, features that express the most determined boldness, piercing bright eyes, thick black and frowning eyebrows, and the form of his limbs indicating a giant's strength, with the swiftness of a deer. His sombre and enthusiastic character, his harsh and bitter words, which speak death with prophetic energy, the *ensemble* of this extraordinary being strikes the villagers who know him with a horror bordering on respect. Several young men, among whom Brusco is the most remarkable, have recently joined Theodore; and these daring bandits strike such terror into the gendarmes stationed in Corsica, that they dare not stir out, unless in company. A young man came a short time since to Theodore, and asked to be enrolled with the banditti. "What motives bring thee here?" said Theodore. "I seduced a young girl, and the parents wish to make me marry her."—"Return instantly to her," said Theodore; "and if in six days she is not restored to honour, thou shalt die!"

The officers belonging to a French brig were informed by a shepherd, that it was the intention of Theodore and his band to make an attack upon them whilst they were out on a shooting party, and rob them of their fowling-pieces. The officers, who were acquainted with the character of the bandit, nowise daunted, repaired to the valley of Liamone. They were accosted by Theodore and Brusco, who inquired whether they had found much game. One of the officers immediately said, that they were informed of his intentions, but hoped they were not such as had been stated, and that he would not offer to take away their guns. At these words Theodore flew into the most violent anger, entreated the officers to tell him the name of the in-

ventor of this base calumny, and swore that he would murder the man who had supposed him guilty of such criminal intention. He then added, with much coolness, that he had killed a good many gendarmes, that his revenge was not sated, and that he did not fear the guillotine, since he who had destroyed so many would soon put an end to his own existence when circumstances required it. Another wonderful fact is, that this brigand has a feeling and tender heart; his most cruel torment in solitude is to have left behind him a "virgin of Heaven," as he calls her; and during the night, when the pangs of remorse seize him, he calls upon her with sighs, and bestows upon her the most tender names.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THERE is at present to be seen in Great Britain such a spectacle as no other nation on earth exhibits—a *general election*; a species of drama which may be divided into three parts, the *comic*, the *serious*, and the *serio-comic*.

The *comic* part consists of freemen taking bribes—getting drunk to oblige a man they see, perhaps, not once a year—neglecting their business for the proud satisfaction of shewing a candidate that they have interest enough to make fools for him to play with—the wives and children making holiday, on the faith of *spouse's* getting a place, or perhaps being employed to dress the hair of a great man, or cut corns for my lady's gentleman—parsons learning the duties of their function, and penning speeches for the use of their patrons; putting into their mouths language which the country people cannot understand, and promises which are meant to be broken—tavern-keepers purchasing, at a low price, all the bad wines and spirits that can be procured, and vending them as genuine—country apothecaries purging their patients, to serve the candidate, and all for the honour of bleeding his horses, or curing his servants of sprained ankles, got in the arduous service of an election—post-boys so proud as to be almost inaccessible, and farther from submission than the horses they drive—shoe-makers and tippling tailors shaking hands with lords, and assuming a degree of consequence which nothing but a dissolution of parliament can confer—lords of pride and high spirit approaching the meanest of the rabble, and saying, "My dear sir, my good friend," to men whom, on any other occasion, they would not allow to water their horses—mountebanks erecting stages in the midst of all the bustle, and selling their nostrums to the poor voters,

who now have more money at command than they know what to do with—knights and squires of high degree dirtying their clothes with the carcases of blubbing children, in hopes their parents will give a vote to those who seem so fond of their offspring—houses kept open for the entertainment of whosoever may choose to enter—and wine, such as it is, flowing in gullful along the streets—nothing but hazzing, drinking, surfeiting, sleeping, tumbling, eating, pilfering, idleness, and every species of dissipation, riot, and confusion—Such is the comic part of a general election.

The serious part can only be comprehended by those who reflect, that on this occasion thousands take oaths which they are conscious they must break, and support men who are hostile to the interests of the nation. Thousands, on this occasion, prostitute their abilities to serve corrupt candidates, and swear, lie, or do anything bad and mean to promote their election. Many, too, contract habits of idleness and drunkenness, neglect their families, and are ready to go into their graves about the time the successful candidate is ready to go into parliament. Strangers and foreigners who view these things, will hardly rise in admiration and esteem for a nation where corruption, in all its shapes, serves to weaken its consequences, and convert the god Liberty into the demon of licentiousness.

The serio-comic part of this entertainment consists of men persuading themselves into a belief of their own disinterestedness in the disposal of their votes. They refuse to take money—that would be a bribe; but they yield to the solicitations of a friend, to whom they are under obligations, and give their vote to one of whom they know nothing, or, if they do, they dare not object to the badness of his character, but give their vote merely to serve their friend; yet such men speak of honour, and principle, and all that.

Another comical appearance at this time, is the universal practice of laying wagers. For my own part, I meet with betters so frequently, and so eager in their vocation, that I am afraid to say that two and two make four, except I mean to lay a bottle that it is so.

If a man says to another, "I am of opinion that Mr. — will carry his election," another immediately starts up with, "Sir, I'll lay you a bottle on that."

"As for laying a bottle, I have no inclination; I only give it as my opinion. Mr. — has certainly procured many votes in our parish."

"Sir, I'll lay you a bottle on that

too. He did not get one vote in your parish."

"I don't know what you call votes; but I am certain that Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. — will give him their votes."

"Sir, I'll lay you a bottle that Mr. — will not give him his vote."

"Nay, I can only tell you what I've heard, and give you my own opinion."

"Opinion, sir! damme, sir! at a general election no man ought to have an opinion, if he won't lay upon it. I'll lay you two to one that Mr. — comes in for —."

"No, sir, I don't mean to lay any wager."

"Then I'll take an even bet that —"

"But I tell you I do not mean to lay. I believe, indeed, Mr. — has the — interest."

And so the conversation goes on, proofs, arguments, and reason, being supplied by a bottle, or the spirited two to one.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

BY AN OLD M. P.

ENTER the House of Commons as the temple of liberty; do not dishonour that temple; preserve your freedom as the pledge of your integrity. Read, inquire, hear, debate, and then determine. Do not without inquiry approve of, nor without good cause oppose, the measures of the court. The true patriot will lend his assistance to enable the king to administer justice, to protect the subject, and to aggrandise the nation. Avoid bitter speeches; you meet not to revile, but to reason. The best men may err, and therefore be not ashamed to be convinced yourself, nor be too ready to reproach others. Remember, that your electors did not send you to parliament to make your own fortune, but to take care of theirs. Stand aloof from party rage, as you would from a pestilence; there cannot be a greater mischief befall a country than a dreadful spirit of division, which rends it into two distinct people, and makes them greater enemies to each other, than if they were two adverse nations. It sinks virtue, destroys common sense, and extinguishes the seeds of good nature, compassion, and humanity. Let no visionary dreams of pleasure allure you from your duty. You were not chosen by your country to run after revels and operas; therefore attend in your place strictly. Remember that ONE VOTE secured the Hanover succession, and one vote saved 6,000*l.* a year to this country. By no means attempt to speak upon every

question. Trees that bear the most fruit have always the least foliage. When you do speak, take special care that it is to the purpose; and rather study to confine yourself to the subject with brevity and perspicuity, than indulge yourself in the unnecessary display of a flowery imagination. If you feel all right within, you will scorn to look round the house for support; for be assured, that God, your conscience, and your country, will support you. If you regulate your conduct by these few simple and practical rules, you will be honoured whilst living, lamented when dead, secure yourself a fair fame, and you may rationally expect immortal glory.

Select Biography.

No. XLIV.

M. CARL VON WEBER.

IN No. CLXXXVII. of the MIRROR we gave a memoir of M. Carl Von Weber, the celebrated German composer, from materials furnished by himself, and we have now the painful duty of announcing that this highly gifted individual is no more. This melancholy event though unlooked for by the British public, which hoped to have long witnessed the efforts of his genius under his own superintendence, was the result of natural decay, produced by excessive sensibility and exertion. Of an individual so distinguished we are sure any additional particulars we can collect will be acceptable to our readers.

Weber was a very original and learned composer, one of the greatest pianoforte players of the present day, and an extremely spirited director of the orchestra. To these he added a thorough knowledge of the whole theory of music, of dramatic and operatic effect, and the greatest skill in blending the various instruments. His celebrated *Freischütz* was produced at Berlin, in 1821. The publication of it at once elevated him to the rank of one of the first composers in Germany. It procured him a commission to compose an opera for the Vienna theatre. He accordingly, in the autumn of 1823, brought out his *Euryanthe* in the Austrian capital. The words, founded on an old French tale, were written by Madame de Chezy. It was afterwards brought out on all the stages in Germany, especially in Berlin, with the greatest applause, although, from its nature, it never can be so popular as its predecessor, *Freischütz*; and his collection of airs for four voices, called *Leyer und Schweret*, is universally admired.

The music of Weber was not much known in this country until the year 1823. At that period his *Der Freischütz* made its appearance in the north of Germany, and by the ability it displayed, at once pointed him out to the intellectual connoisseurs of that portion of the empire as the worthy successor of their great and estimable favourite, Winter. Since that period, his fame has spread all over Europe; and had he done nothing else than the *Freischütz*, it would have been sufficient to have stamped him with musical immortality. His operas of *Euryanthe* and *Preciosa*, the former of which he called a musical essay, display great beauties, though they both failed on being transplanted, the one to Vienna, the other to London; but certainly not from any defect in their musical composition. The merits of his *Silvano* and *Abu Hassan* are also well known. His visit to this country was principally for the purpose of bringing out *Oberon*, at Covent Garden. This opera closed his labours here, with some trifling exceptions.

Weber's last appearance, with the exception of, for ten minutes, on the night of Miss Paton's benefit, was at the Argyll Rooms, on Friday, the 14th of May, on which occasion he took a concert, not a benefit, for the state of the room would belie that assertion, when there was performed, for the first time in this country, a new manuscript cantata, entitled the *Festival of Peace*, the poetry written for the occasion by Hampden Napier. There was also performed a song from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, composed expressly for Miss Stephens, and which was accompanied by M. Von Weber himself on the piano-forte. The following are the words to which this composition was adapted:—

FROM CHINDARA'S warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight gartland's spell,
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long.
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly:
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Reduces the bosom it trembles through,
As the rust-wind over the waters blowing,
Ruffles the waves, but sweetens it too!

So, hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again."

Only the melody of this song has yet been committed to paper, and the composer, when it was performed, supplied the accompaniments from recollection of what had been his own design, but the short interval allowed him previous to the concert, prevented their being preserved in any shape. His anxiety to do justice to any subject on which he was engaged may be evident by the fact, that before he would engage in the composition of the song just quoted, he insisted on reading the whole poem, which he had not seen before. He was impressed by its perusal with the highest admiration of Mr. Moore, and expressed a very strong desire to be introduced to him.

The opera of *Der Freischütz*, with all the original music, was to have been performed on Monday evening, at Covent Garden Theatre, for the benefit and under the superintendence of the composer, but his increasing indisposition, which prevented his attendance, caused the postponement of the performance.

To this account we add the following slight but characteristic anecdotes of this great musician, from the last number of the *Literary Gazette* :—

Weber was invited to dine with Mr. L., the music-seller, whose residence and establishment are of a very handsome description. On entering the noble drawing-room, the quiet German opened his eyes, and looking round, said softly, as if to himself, "I see it is better to sell music than to write it."

Weber got, perhaps, about £1,000 by his visit to England; £500 for his *Oberon*, and other sums for superintending rehearsals, leading the orchestra, concerts, and private parties, such as the marquis of Hertford's, Mrs. Coutts, &c. for which thirty guineas was the fee. Mrs. Weber was of opinion, as her letters from Germany express, that her husband was not sufficiently recompensed; certainly if we compared his reward with the immense sums levied by less gifted foreigners, we also should think so. The truth is, that amusing talent is always paid, out of all proportion, much higher than great abilities or genius.

One of Weber's distinguishing excellencies was his suiting the sound in his compositions to the sense of the words; his music was twin-sister to the poetry—

a rare and exquisite quality. In one of the pieces of *Oberon*, Miss Paton, with all her fine powers and beautiful execution, failed to produce the effect aimed at by the composer. I know not how it is," said she, "I never can do this as it should be." "The reason is," replied Weber, "because you do not know the words."

A grander example of his feeling and judgment in this respect occurred when performing a hymn to the Deity. Some of the voices were in a high key. "Hush, hush!" exclaimed the genuine master, "hush!—if you were in the presence of God, would you speak loud?"

Weber was in his fortieth year, and in his manners most unassuming and retiring, which was powerfully evinced on every occasion on which he appeared before the public. Every thing that could be done, was done by Sir George Smart and his kind friends, to soothe and comfort him in his rapid decay; and it will be a great consolation to his friends and countrymen to know that such was the case, and that he died sensible that every thing had been done for him which kindness, attention, and humanity could suggest.

A very spirited likeness of M. Von Weber is in the course of publication, from a portrait by Mr. Minasi, artist to the king of Naples. We have seen the drawing, and consider it by far the best portrait of this distinguished composer that has yet appeared. The countenance of M. Weber did not indicate that romantic imagination which could alone have been expected to produce *Der Freischütz*. On the contrary, it displayed peculiar benignity and mildness, an eye beaming with intelligence, and a mouth particularly agreeable. The expression has been very happily caught in the portrait by M. Minasi.

We shall conclude with the following tribute to the memory of Weber from a correspondent :—

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(For the Mirror.)

EUPHONY weeps—her favourite is no more—
Stern death's relentless dart hath slain him low;
Far distant from his home and native shore
He sleeps, the object of her speechless woe.
With heaving breast she walls his early doom,
And bends in sorrow o'er his honour'd tomb.

Pale genius strives in vain to check a sigh,
And points in silence to his laurel'd bust:
While all the tuneful nine sit drooping by,
To guard and consecrate his sacred dust.
And mourning friendship pensively draws near,
To pay the last and tribute of a tear.

In unavailing melancholy lost,

Teutonia hastens to his solemn urn,
To contemplate on him she valued most,
But who, alas, will never more return!
Around her all is gloomy silence, save
Affliction's banner rustling o'er his grave.

Nor does Britannia, generous maid, forget
What to this unassuming worth is due;
Bet marks with sympathy and deep regret,
The cheerless scene which opens to her view,
Observes with plaintive eye where he is laid,
And drops a tear of pity to his shade.

Sweet Harmony's lamented child, farewell!
A long farewell thou noble heart to thee,
Oft shall fond memory delight to dwell
On thy romantic swell of melody.
Oft shall she love to wing her airy flight,
To where thy hallow'd image meets her sight.

Oh placid be thy rest. Ne'er will thy fame,
Thou soul endearing minstrel be forgot;
Unfading lustre and immortal fame
Will be, till time shall end, thy happy lot.
Full many an age shall glory in thy praise,
And bind thy brow with never-dying bays!

JAMES EDWIN STAHLSCHEIDT.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

A GREEK FUNERAL.

The friends and relations of the deceased assemble at a certain hour, and seat themselves on the divan, or on chairs around the corpse, which is placed in the centre of the room, arrayed in splendid funeral habiliments, and with its head turned toward the east; they then kiss its cold and pallid cheeks, and utter many lamentations, all of which, are addressed to the body. The mother, or, if the deceased be a married man, his wife, takes the principal share in the ceremony, weeping, beating her breast, and talking to it, sometimes with gentle reproaches, as if it could actually hear and understand all that was said. When this has been acted sufficiently, the corpse is deposited on a kind of bier, and preceded by a number of *papas*, walking two and two, and ringing in a loud nasal tone perpetual changes upon the following words:—

Αγιος ο θεος, αγιος ισχυρος, αγιος αθανατος ελεησον ημας,

which signify, "Holy God, holy strong One, holy Immortal, pity us!" and are descriptive of the three persons of the Trinity. Thus they enter the church, where the archbishop (if the deceased be of consequence, and rich enough to command the services of so great a man!) is seated on a gilded throne attached to a pillar in the centre aisle. They approach

and place the body before him, exclaiming, at the same time, Εἰς πολλά, εἰς δεσπονα —"May you live many years, Lord." *δεσπονα* is only used in addressing the archbishop. Two lights are burnt at the head and two at the feet of an adult, but a child has only one at the foot. They then recommence singing certain passages from the Psalms; and small waxen tapers are given to every person of respectable appearance present. The tapers are lighted, and clouds of frankincense (supposed to carry in their ascent the prayers of the afflicted relatives to Heaven) are scattered lavishly about. After this the lights are extinguished, and such of the crowd as are connected with the deceased rush forward to take the last kiss: they press their lips eagerly to the cheeks, breast, &c. but principally to the cheek. The body is then carried to the grave, divested in a rude and disgusting manner of the decorations with which it had come forth, and moistened with a quantity of oil, or more frequently with water upon which a small portion of oil floats. This is done by the priest, accompanied with a short prayer, from a belief that the dissolution of the body would not otherwise take place.

The Greeks bury their dead within ten hours after the vital spark appears to be extinct. If this happen in the morning they are buried before night, if toward evening they watch the corpse till daylight, and then hasten the interment. This singular precipitation has frequently been followed by revivals, which terminate in an excruciating and lingering death. The places of sepulture are a kind of small pits, capable of containing many human bodies when they are extended one above the other at full-length. The pits are paved, partitioned from each other by a slight brick-work, and covered with a flat stone, upon which the names of the dead and figures symbolical of their trade or profession are engraved. Into this, without coffin, and with scarce a shroud, the corpse is put—so that the horrible situation of one awakening from a trance may easily be imagined. These depositaries just admit air enough to prolong suffering, and however forcible be his cries, they serve only to awake the apprehensions of the living, without affording succour to the dying and despairing wretch. The layman hears the utterance of his agony, and instantaneously drops upon his knees; the *papas* hears it, and has recourse to prayers and fumigations, but human aid is hopeless. The truth indeed is, that they conceive certain evil spirits called *vroucolochas* have seized upon the dead, and that they produce the

terror-striking shrieks which issue from the subterranean recesses.—*Swan's Journal of a Voyage up the Mediterranean.*

THE FERRY-BRIDGES AT MUNNIPPOOR, IN THE EAST INDIES.

BY LIEUT. PEMBERTON.

FOR three days the Eerung Nullah continued so swollen by rain as to be impassable, and two Nagas were drowned in attempting to cross it on a raft; but finding, at the end of that time, that there was little prospect of any material change, we left Moonjeronkoonao, and descending by a foot-path, scarcely passable from innumerable creepers, and the extreme slipperiness of the soil, reached the customary place of crossing the Eerung. We found it, however, in a state of the most violent agitation, dashing with a force and fury that nothing could withstand, over this contracted part of its rocky bed; a more favourable spot was sought and obtained half a mile higher up, where the breadth of the nullah was fifty yards, and its depth sufficient to allow a free passage to the accumulating mass of water. Gumber Sing's men had been sent forward the day before to collect bamboos and cane for constructing rafts, and throwing a line across the river, to which they were to be attached; but previous to our arrival, all attempts to get across had failed, and even then the Munnipoorians, who are almost amphibious, swam it with great difficulty. The mode of constructing bridges by this active and enterprising people is more expeditious than any other I am aware of, and requires nothing more than the materials which, in a mountainous country, are almost always procurable. The reed, upon whose strength the subsequent stability of the bridge entirely depends, is obtained in lengths varying from fifteen to twenty yards; they are connected by knots, and, when made sufficiently long, one end is firmly secured to a tree near the edge of the water, and a loop made at the other extremity, through which the man who takes it across passes his arm; he then travels along the bank until sufficiently above the spot he wishes to reach on the opposite side, to counteract the effect of the stream, and plunges into the water; when near the opposite side he is met by another man, previously sent across to fasten a length of the reed to a tree, who, with the disengaged end in his hand, dives and secures it to the loop; the connected line is then drawn tight enough to raise it above the surface of the water, and by frequently repeating the same operation, is increased to any required degree of strength. While some

are thus engaged, other parties are employed cutting trees and bamboos for the bridge; the timber is worked into the bed of the river, until it appears sufficiently firm, and is afterwards rendered still more secure by diagonal props, so placed against the uprights as effectually to counteract the tendency of the current to wash them down; branches of trees are laid across, and the whole covered with a coarse mat formed of the bamboo, previously beaten flat. This solid structure was secured to the cane-line in several places, and built as far into the river as was practicable; a similar operation was performed on the opposite side, and the chasm left between them was subsequently occupied by substantial rafts, which, covered with branches and the same description of mat already alluded to, were secured to the cane-line, and fastened to the more solid structures on either side. Horses passed over bridges of this construction with perfect safety, and they were standing uninjured when we returned from Munnipoor, though torrents of rain had fallen between the period of their construction and this last practical application of them.—*Asiatic Journal.*

BALS A LA VICTIMES.

THE Ninth of Thermidor (when Legendre, Tallien, Barras, and others, terminated the life of Robespierre, and the lives of the majority of his party), was followed by the reaction of popular feeling. The horrid cries and threats of the relations of the murdered during the Reign of Terror now seemed to threaten an immediate and piecemeal death to the surviving murderers. But how did this raging volcano of passion at last find vent? Why, "*mirabile dictu*, in a—*Ball!*" a ball that was intended to be the *El Dorado* of fashion and ton, and from which all their opponents were to be excluded. None were to be admitted who could not prove the loss of a father, mother, brother, sister, husband, or wife, during the Reign of Terror, or that they themselves had been imprisoned or proscribed. This ball was held during the winter of 1794, on the first floor of the Hotel de Richelieu, and received the singular but appropriate name of the *Ball of Victims*. The dancers were compelled to attend it in the deepest mourning; the hangings were entirely black, and black crape was attached to the fiddles, chandeliers, and furniture. The Terrorists, however, were determined not to yield without a desperate struggle; so they instituted a rival ball, called *The Ball of Executioners*, which was held in the second floor of the Hotel de Richelieu,

and to which no member was admitted that could not prove himself guilty of *some glaring revolutionary crime*. The dancers were compelled to attend in the brightest red, the hangings were entirely red, and red cloth and silk were attached to the saddles, chandeliers, and furniture. Perhaps it may be imagined that when the members of the opposite ball encountered, blood flowed. Quite the contrary; their bows were low and formal, and their compliments were paid in the loftiest style of revolutionary fraternity. At the Hall of Victims a ludicrous incident occurred:—During the Reign of Terror, if the person intended for destruction was not to be found, some prisoner, whose name was similar in sound, or who was connected with or related to him, supplied his place, and then the name of the proscribed was erased from the fatal list, and his death published. This was the case with two ladies of the name of De ———. Both had evaded their persecutors, but the names of both were on the list of the guillotined, and each, therefore, considered herself the only one saved; their screams of horror and astonishment, when they met at this ball, alarmed even the gay and callous dancers; convinced, however, that neither was a ghost, they embraced, and each congratulated the other on her happy preservation. While they were thus locked in each other's arms, the master of the ceremonies approached them. (The death of the *other* was the title on which *each* had received her ticket of admission.) Then he addressing the elder sister, asked her whether she could name any other relation who had perished during the Reign of Terror? The lady hesitated for a moment, and then answered that she did not think she could. The same question being put to the other sister, she also replied in the negative. "Then, Mesdames," said their interrogator, "I have the sorrow to inform you that you are no longer members of this ball." The two ladies stared in silent astonishment and chagrin. "It is delightful to have found a sister," at last cried the elder, taking the younger by the arm, "but it is melancholy to have lost one's *free admission*!"—*Reynolds's Memoirs*.

STRANGE FISH.

SEVERAL strange *fish* frequently appear on the coast. At Brighton, not long ago, the public crier gave notice, that there had been found under the rocks, about a mile to the east, a black spotted, patent lace *whale*. (*veil*.)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE LAST OF THE LOTTERIES

Tax Chancellor has pass'd the stern decree,
The daily press rings out the doleful knell,
Warning each old adventurer, that he
Must now of Lotteries take a last farewell!

Misery and wonder now pervade Cornhill—
The printers, too, are in a dismal rout,
Swearing they ne'er shall print another bill,
When those for whom they *puffed* are thus
puffed out.

O Fredrick Robinson, thou man of death!
Our scanty pittance why should you begrudge
it?

Why—oh! why thus in dungeon stop our breath,
And shut us cruelly from out thy budget?

What was it seem'd offensive in thine eyes,
And gave thine act a plausible pretence?
Say—didst thou think the selling a *large prize*
Was in itself a capital offence?

Whatever be the cause, the effect is sad:
Since soon must close his well-known lucky
wicket,

Bish, our Leviathan, is gone half mad,
And looks as dismal as a blank-drawn ticket.

Carrol—alas! his carols, turned to sighs,
Seem to his cheerful name to give the lie:
Hazard, with fear of death before his eyes,
Declares he'll stand the "*hazard of the die*."

Swift, of the *Poultry*, too, is ill at ease,
His grief breaks forth in this pathetic swell—
"I go to pine on wretched bread and cheese,
For, ah! to *poultry* I must bid farewell!"

Martin complains his rapid flight is check'd,
And doth the ruin of his house deplore,
Wondering that *martins'* nests don't claim re-
spect,

As they were wont to do in times of yore.

Richardson says the world will teem with crime,
And woe and misery pervade the state;
For what can prosper in those hapless times,
When *Good-luck* is proscribed, and out of
date?

The web of death encircles J. D. Webb,
The common ruin on him too hath landed;
Him, too, must reach this melancholy ebb,
And all the fortunes of the *Strand* be stranded.

Pidding, who did his corner much enjoy,
Says, while he contemplates the prospect dim,
"How oft I've hung out my gay blue-coat boy—
Now I must hang myself instead of him!"

Happily, next year, some friend shall say, and
wasp,

As up Cornhill he takes his lonely way—
"Where are the *harvests* which I used to reap,
Beneath the sickle of each drawing day?"

"Ah! where is *Silverwright*?—where is *Eyles*
now?"

Where are the *phantoms*, which so lately toll'd
The clustering congregation when and how?
The thirty thousands were all shared and sold?

"Where dwelt activity, there reigneth gloom;
My well-known friends have lost their public
rank:

The Lottery has pass'd into the tomb,
And left the world an universal blank."

Literary Gazette.

Miscellaneous.

THE AMERICAN LAKES.

1. THE Ontario is 180 miles long, 40 miles wide, 500 feet deep, and its surface is computed at 218 feet above the elevation of tide water at Three Rivers, 270 miles below Cape Vincent.

2. Erie is 270 miles long, 60 miles wide, 300 feet deep, and its surface is ascertained to be 565 feet above the tide waters at Albany.

3. Huron is 250 miles long, 100 miles average breadth, 900 feet deep, and its surface is near 595 feet above the tide water.

4. Michigan is 400 miles long, 50 wide, depth unknown; elevation the same as Huron.

5. Green Bay is about 105 miles long, 30 miles wide, depth unknown; elevation the same as Huron and Michigan.

6. Lake Superior is 450 miles long, 190 miles average width, 900 feet deep; and its surface 1,043 feet above the tide water.

Hence it is easy to calculate, that the bottom of Lake Erie is not as low as the fess of Niagara Falls; but at the bottom of each of the other lakes, it will be observed, is lower than the surface of the ocean.

Lake Superior is the head fountain, the grand reservoir of the mighty volume that fills the rivers, expands the lakes, and roars over the Cataracts of Niagara, St. Lawrence, &c. After making a semicircle of five degrees to the south, accommodating and enriching one of the most fertile and interesting sections of the globe, it meets the tide a distance of 2,000 miles from its source, and 5,000 from the extreme point of its estuary on the Atlantic coast.

SUPERSTITION.

A SCENE of the most ludicrous and gross superstition took place lately not many miles from Perth. A wealthy old farmer having lost several of his cattle by some disease very prevalent at present, and being able to account for it in no way so rationally as by witchcraft, had recourse to the following remedy recommended to him by a weird sister in his neighbour-

hood, as an effectual protection from the attacks of the foul fiend. A few stones were piled together in the barn-yard, and wood-coals having been laid thereon, the fuel was ignited by will-fire, that is, fire obtained by friction: the neighbours having been called in to witness the solemnity, the cattle were made to pass through the flames, in the order of their dignity and age, commencing with the horses and ending with the swine. The ceremony having been duly and decorously gone through, a neighbouring farmer observed to the enlightened owner of the herd, that he, along with his family, ought to have followed the example of the cattle, and "the sacrifice to Baal would have been complete."

Perth Courier.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff." — *Walter.*

A STRANGE AND WONDERFUL SIGHT.

I saw a peacock, with a fiery tail,
I saw a blazing comet, pour down hail,
I saw a cloud, wrapt with ivy round,
I saw an oak, creep on the ground,
I saw a pismire, swallow up a whale,
I saw the sea, brimful of ale,
I saw a Venice glass, fifteen feet deep,
I saw a well, full of men's tears that weep,
I saw wet eyes, all of a flaming fire,
I saw a house, bigger than the moon,
and higher.
I saw the sun, even at midnight,
I saw the man, who saw this dreadful sight.
I saw a pack of cards, gnawing a bone,
I saw a dog, seated on Britain's throne,
I saw great George, confined within a box,
I saw a shilling, driving a fat ox,
I saw a man, lay in a muff all night,
I saw a glove, read news by candle-light,
I saw an old woman, not a twelvemonth old,
I saw a great coat, all of solid gold,
I saw two buttons, telling of their dreams,
I heard my friends, who wish'd I'd quit these themes.

SPEAKERS.

A FLUENT speaker will pronounce 7,300 words in an hour, 150 in a minute, and two in a moment.

BOOKS.

CHINA was full of books before there was a man in Europe who could either read or write.

A GENTLEMAN'S DESCRIPTION
OF HIS WIFE'S TEMPER.

Monday.—A thick fog, no seeing through it.

Tuesday.—Gloomy and very chilly, unseasonable weather.

Wednesday.—Frosty, at times sharp.

Thursday.—Bitter cold in the morning, red sun-set, with flying clouds, portending hard weather.

Friday.—Storm in the morning with peals of thunder, air clear afterwards.

Saturday.—Gleams of sun-shine, with partial thaw, frost again at night.

Sunday.—A light south-wester in the morning, calm and pleasant at dinner-time, hurricane and earthquake at night.

O. N. O.

BRIDES.

THE custom of breaking a cake over the bride's head, when she enters her husband's house, is borrowed from the Greeks, who, as an emblem of future plenty, poured figs and other fruits over the heads of both bride and bridegroom.

MARRIAGE.

ONE of Mahomet's rules for securing happiness in the married state was thus: "Wives behave to your husbands in the same manner that your husbands behave to you."

A WISE JURY.

SOME few years ago a culprit was tried in a mayor's court for an offence, of which, though he seemed undoubtedly guilty, his worship recommended the offender to the jury, on account of his good character. After some deliberation, the foreman got up and thus addressed the mayor:—"May it please your worshipful, we find the prisoner guilty, but in *contenance* of your worship's *exceptionable* good character, we ACQUIT him."

IMPROMPTU

On a Lady, who soon after marriage separated from her husband, and went to America.

SAY doctor, what is become of your spouse,

Whom to gain you believed such a bliss?

"Faith—she's gone to another world, and I hope

I shall never more see her in this."

M. L. B.

VENTILATORS.

At an University Debating Society, a short time ago, it was proposed that ventilators should be put up in different parts of the room in which the meetings were held. Opposition being made to this, on the score of expense, a member suggested that the objection was ill-chosen, since the plan in itself was conducive to raising the wind.

LAWS.

THE celebrated answer of our old barons, when it was proposed to introduce some part of the Roman laws, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare*, is by no means so strongly adverse to innovation as an institution of Charondas, legislator of Thurium, a city of Magna Græcia. Whoever proposed a new law was obliged to come into the senate-house with a rope about his neck, and remain in that situation during the debate; if the law was approved, he was set at liberty; but if it was negatived, he was immediately strangled.—Diod. Sic. Hist. lib. xii.

EARTHQUAKES.

LA MOTHE LE VAYER, observing that Pherecides (preceptor to Pythagoras), Anaximander, and Abaris, foretold earthquakes, asks this humorous question:—"If we consider the earth as a huge animal, had not these the art of feeling its pulse, and thereby of foreseeing the convulsions it would be troubled with?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg particularly to call the attention of our readers to the original narrative of the death and funeral of Napoleon Bonaparte in the present number of the MIRROR.

S. P. T. who inquires where he can find some account of the Mayors of Garratt, is referred to the *Cabinet of Curiosities*, in which he will find a portrait and memoir of Sir Harry Dimsdale, the last Mayor.

The *Watering Places* cannot be resumed until next week, owing to an engraving not being completed.

The *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, and the *Waverley Novels* will be continued as soon as some engravings, which are in hand, shall be finished.

To our correspondents generally, we are obliged to solicit indulgence for another week.

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